

6th

THE
Mourning Swain:
A FUNERAL
E C L O G U E,
HUMBLY
Offer'd to the MEMORY
Of the Right Honourable
J A M E S,
EARL of A B I N G D O N.

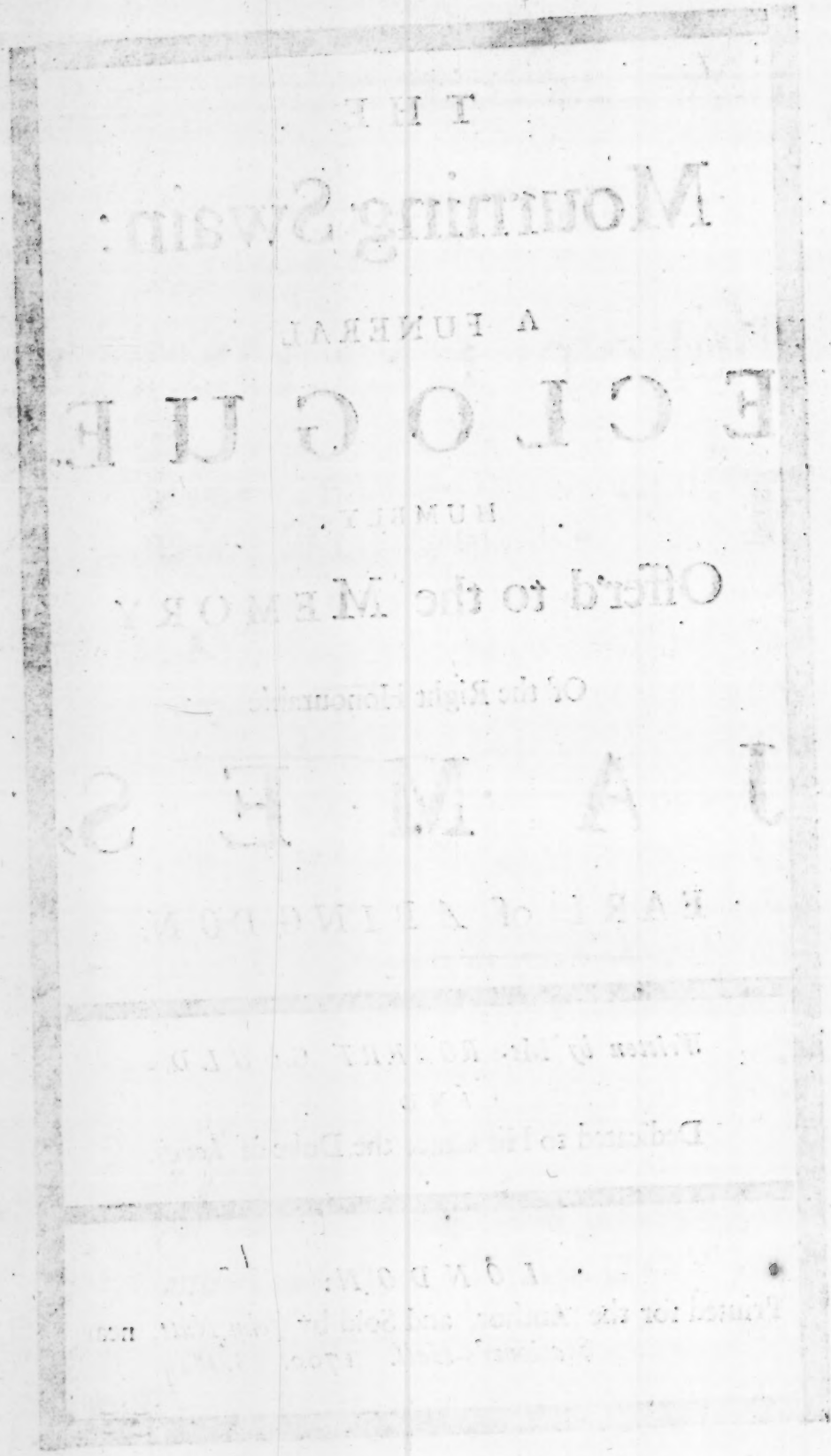
Written by Mr. ROBERT GOULD.

AND

Dedicated to His Grace the Duke of Leeds.

L O N D O N:

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Mourning Swain

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HUMILTY

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Of the Right Honourable

JAMES A. M. S.

EARL OF AILINGDON

Written by MR. ROBERT A. S. S.

Published by the Author and Sold by the Booksellers

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in the Strand, 1790.

The Dedication

To His Grace the

Duke of LEEDS, &c.

THe Sun almost an Annual Race has ran,
Since the Decease of this Prodigious Man:
So long ago, (and such the Nation gave)
These Faithful Tears were wept upon his Grave.
They who can see when Nature sways in Chief,
Will find 'em shed in an Extream of Grief:
Without her aid, in vain we strive by Art,
To Limn a weeping Eye and bleeding Heart.
In Private writ, in Private to the Plains,
I thought to have confin'd these Rural Strains, }
An Ev'ning Concert for the Mourning Swains; }
When on their Oaten Reeds His Name they'd raise,
All Tun'd to their departed Patron's Praise.
But call'd from thence in Publick to appear,
(My self by being Worthless, fenc'd from Fear)
I fly to YOU with this Illustrious Name,
To stand between Detraction and his Fame.

With

The Dedication.

*With Merit, Envy ever did commence.
And Vice is still suppressing Excellence;
Like feeble Eyes, that shun the Glaring Light,
'Twou'd cover what it cannot bear in Night.*

*Your nearness to the HERO in His Blood,
And the yet nearer Tye of being Good;
Your joint Endeavours, and Your joint Success,
In lab'ring for Your Country's Happiness;
Your Mutual Friendship, with such Concord knit,
That Love ne'er made so dear a Union yet;
All these Regards, make's this Address your Due:
It can, My Lord, belong to none but YOU,
The Honour of this Celebrated Name;
Return'd, in some degree, from whence it came,
Guide of his Life, and Guardian of his Fame.* }

*Justly the Lines may safely seek, where late
'Tis found by an affrighted tottering State:
When to the Verge of Anarchy it drew,
Hurri'd along, and all her Fears in view,
She sighing, cast her Eyes for Aid, on YOU;
YOU who so oft (when wander'd from the way,
And lost in Night) have led us to the Day.* }

Loud

The Dedication.

*Loud was the Storm; and now, advancing nigh,
There seem'd no hope of help from Policy.
Here Bigottry like Scylla threat'ning stood,
Horrid with Wrecks, and painted o'er with Blood.
There, like Charibdis, Tyranny appear'd,
Fearful to sight, and Hideous to be heard!
And yet between 'em lay the happy Coast,
Which either we must Make, or all be lost.
Here 'twas (and greatlier ne'er employ'd before)
Your Counsels did our Peace and Pow'r restore, }
When they had took their leave, to come no more. }*

*Where does the wond'rous Penetration lie?
Or is all Nature opn'd to Your Eye?
That thus YOU forward look among the Fates,
And seem a Second Providence to States?
For ever on Your Country's good Intent,
YOU Foreign Ills divert, and Home prevent.
No more an Empty Title to the Main
Our Squadrons boast; by Your Advice they Reign.
Europe and Africa Triumphant saw
Our Navy Ride, and give the Ocean Law;
While those who thought t' Invade us now retire,
And leave their Shoars to Spoil and Hostile Fire.*

B

If

The Dedication.

*If the Physician oft divert our Fate,
By feeling how the Blood does Circulate,
What may HE do that know's the Pulse of State?
Be Feavour, Faintness, Frenzy, the Disease,
Or if a Lethargy the Vitals seize;
Be it Luxurious Peace, or Lawless Might,
Or Legislative Rage for Ravish'd Right;
Be it a less'ning Fame, or less'ning Trade,
The Neighb'ring Strength increas'd, or ours decay'd,
The Remedy is certain you advise;
And we are ne'er so Low, but then we Rise.*

*And yet in spight of this unweary'd Care,
Among us there a sort of Monsters are, (spare }
Whose Tongues like Jews, wou'd not their Saviour }
But y'are Secure, and all their Malice vain;
Such Vertue is too rich a Dye to stain.*

*As when a Nymph breaths on a Crystal-Glass,
The Damps a while obscure her Beauteous Face;
A Dimness on the fair Reflection lie's,
And sits between her Image and her Eyes:*

But

The Dedication.

*But soon the self-assisted Mirror's clear,
The Envious Shades dissolve into the Air,
And all her former lovely Lineaments appear.
So what e'er Spight with black'ning Breath can say,
The Lustre of your Worth does purge away,
Breaks through the sullen Gloom, and settles Day.*

*But while (alas!) the too advent'rous Muse
Ambitiously her Noble Flight pursues;
She finds the Weight above her Pow'r to raise,
And sinks beneath the Pressure of Your Praise.
A Life like Yours, a History does claim
An ample Fabrick that may hold Your Fame;
Where an Immortal Pillar shou'd be Grav'd,
The Prince's yave oblig'd, and Kingdom's sav'd.*

*And Lo!--(for what can veil the Muse's Eyes)
I see, methinks, a fam'd Historian rise,
Impartial, Great, Elaborate, Learn'd and Wise;
One on whose Works the Graces all shall smile;
So just a Subject claims the justest Stile.
No other but the best of Pens shou'd show
The Future Ages what the Present owe.*

The Dedication.

*To LEEDS, and (O too early from us torn!)
That other God-like Man, whose Loss we Mourn:
Your Glory will not less Illustrious shine,
To have His Name Immortal made with Thine.
He shall to the succeeding Times display
How You both stood, when hopeless of the Day,
Rescuing th' Rights that others did betray:
The Slaves that for Precarious Pow'r and Place,
To French Designs subject the British Race,
Born to be FREE, and ne'er to be o'ercome,
But when by a brib'd Senate Sold at Home.*

T H E

THE
Mourning Swain:
A FUNERAL
E C L O G U E,
ON THE
Much Lamented D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

J A M E S, Earl of A B I N G D O N.

Menalcas, Damon, Alexis.

Menalcas. **H**E Sinks! he dies away!—*Alexis!* Friend!
'Tis thy *Menalcas* calls!—some God descend,
And save the *Swain* from an untimely End. }

Ha! he grows Paler still! O *Damon!* you
Are come, as you Prophetically knew
The Aid I wish'd, and what his Griefs wou'd do! }

Damon. I heard the broken Sobs, and faul'tring Breath,
And Groans, like those the Wretched give in Death.
What sad Occasion——

C

Menalcas.

Menalcas. Ask not yet our Grief,
 But lend the Swooning Shepherd quick Relief:
 Chafe, chafe his Temples; forward gently bow
 The Body—this, or nothing else will do:
 Tho' when his Spirits to their Seat return,
 He lives to Grief, and but revives to Mourn!

Damon. What un-foreseen and sudden stroke of Fate
 Is this, that Nature sinks beneath the Weight?
 That Life retiring, shuns th' unequal Fight,
 And if it Conquers, must o'ercome by Flight!

Men. The worst that cou'd the wretched Youth attend:
Bertudor's Dead! his Master, Patron, Friend!
Bertudor! than which yet a Worthier Name
 Was e'er took up, or sounded off by Fame.
 I brought him word the Noble Soul was flown,
 And fear the fatal News has wing'd his Own.
 Is this to be your Image? cruel Pow'rs!
 How are we *Yours*, when with'ring Grass and Flow'rs,
 Vapours and Bubbles, are so truly *Ours*?
 —But see! the Blood does to his Cheeks ascend,
 And lab'ring Life returns.—How fares my Mourning
 (Friend?)

Alexis. Again! Do I yet draw this hated Breath?
 And flying Life, can be but mock'd with Death?
 Will not the Partial Pow'rs that rule above
 Permit this last, best, dearest Act of Love,
 To Die, and by that Test, our Sorrows prove?
 Must we be doom'd in *Being* to remain,
 Renew'd to Grief, and but preserv'd for Pain?

Ah!

Ah! dear *Menalcas*! what an ease 'twou'd be,
 Cou'd we, at Will, shake off Mortality!
 Cou'd, with our Tears, our Lives dissolving fall,
 And Grief had long Oblivion at her call:
 But 'twill not be!—in worst Extreame, as now,
 The Soul wou'd rest in Death, and Swoon's too go,
 When struggling Nature gives us back to Woe!

Damon. O fatal Sounds! O endless Source of Moan!
 And is indeed the brave *Bertudor* gone?

Alexis. Did you e'er find unhappy News untrue?
 He's Dead! and I shou'd now be Dying too!
 Ah! what for us remains (till Life is done)
 But Wrongs, Distresses, Obliquy and Moan?
 The Sheep must suffer, when the *Shepherd's* gone.

Menalcas. Weall, indeed, the fatal Loss shall rue,
 Heavy to Us, but heavier yet to You:
 You were acquainted with the *Hero* Young,
 He knew you early, and he lov'd you long:

Alexis. He found me helpless, and of Friends bereft,
 Of Parents, and the little they had left.
 The World look'd frowning on my Early Years,
 And I seem'd destin'd by my Stars, to Cares.
 He took me, rais'd me, fix'd me in his sight;
 By Precept and Example, kept me Right—
 But Ah! the Lamp is gone, and I am hid in Night!
 He taught me Good, then gave that good regard;
 But still, it still was short of the Reward.

With

VVith the new day, new Favours he'd impart,
 Then make the VVorld believe 'twas my Desert.
 And Shall ? O shall this *BENEFACTOR* go
 And we not sing his Worth, and sigh our Woe ?
 The last sad Task that Gratitude can do.
 Shall Time or Rage be suffer'd to efface
 The Mem'ry of this best of *British* Race ?
 Shall Fame amidst such Merit silent lye ?
 Shall e'er the Springs that water Grief, be dry ?
 No ! no ! while Vertue does on Earth remain,
 And Flocks and Herds feed on th' *Oxonian* Plain ;
 While Learning there and Piety encrease,
 And Truth can rest in the soft Arms of Peace :
 While there is VVealth employ'd to Gen'rous Ends,
 VVhile there are Sweets in Love, and Faith in Friends,
 So long the *Muses* shall his Loss deplore, (Poor.
 That rain'd a Golden Show'r on them, and *Manna* to the

Damon. How various are the ways of Providence !
 How crooked oft they seem to Human Sense !
 He's gone ! for whom there's not a Soul but Grieves,
 And yet his Foe, the Treach'rous *Jockey* Lives :
 He Lives ! (nor does degenerate from his Breed)
 That never did one Honourable Deed :
 Yet lives in prosp'rous Fortune, high in Trust,
 But barb'rous to Desert, and plung'd in Lust :
 He lives ! that yet ne'er did a *Loan* restore,
 E'er pay a Debt, or e'er relieve the Poor :
 He lives ! that wou'd subvert the Church and State,
 And ride 'em, loaded with Despotick Weight :

He

He lives! that nothing Impious e'er did shun;
 He lives! a longer race of Vice to run;
 He lives! and yet the good *Bertudor's* gone!

Menalcas. If Vertue met with a so early Fate,
 Can Vice presume to hope a longer Date?
 If Temp'rance thus at Noon is snatch'd away,
 Can wild Excess expect to end the day?

Alexis. It does! it does! and every Wish succeeds,
 On Down it lies, and on *Ambrosia* feeds;
 No inward Pang it feel's, or future Reck'ning dread's.
 The Best, alas! are Summon'd first to go,
 Have least Success, and least Regard below.
 The haughty mount, and on the Humble tread;
 Depress 'em Living, and Revile 'em Dead.
 Their Honours won with Blood, are from 'em torn,
 And by their Mortal Foes, insulting worn.
 No Disappointments e'er th' Unjust attend;
 The Just have God, but not Man, their Friend.
 Hence Providence is oft mis-understood,
 Scoff'd by bad Men, and doubted by the Good;
 While undistinguish'd Right and Wrong are hurl'd,
 And Knave and Fool between 'em share the World!

Menalcas. 'Tis not for Man, with a too daring Eye,
 To look into the Secrets of the Sky;
 Or if he shou'd, in vain he strives to see
 Through the dark-woven folds of Destiny.
 As the Meridian Sun all flaming bright,
 Gaz'd on, confounds and quenche's Human Sight;

So Reason fail's, and sink's beneath the Weight
 Of *Will, Omniscience, Providence* and *Fate*.
 But Thou, great Soul, disburthen'd of thy Freight,
 Ar't Landed now, on *'tother side of Fate*:
 To Thee those Distributions all are clear,
 That so perplex, and so confound us here.
 'Tis true, thus much by Reason's understood;
 Affliction is the Test that try's the Good:
 Where e'er it Visit's, 'tis by Heaven's Command;
 Not shuff'd out, as Vice wou'd understand,
 With blinking Eyes, and a promiscuous Hand.
 If prosp'rous Fortunes are to most a Snare,
 Why not th' Afflicted God's peculiar Care?
 Expos'd to black'ning Tongues, and faithless Friends,
 Only to ply their Souls for Nobler Ends:
 For Regions where we're known, and know aright,
 Where day is never to resign to Night,
 And flying Time no more can bound Delight.
 Shou'd Pleasure here run smooth with equal Feet,
 And Life, tho' long, no Disappointment meet;
 Shou'd Hope succeed in ev'ry Wish it make's,
 And Grief ne'er seize the Soul it once forsake's;
 Shou'd ev'ry Pious Man be Fortune's Care,
 Humility be cloath'd, and Pride be bare;
 Shou'd the first Honours be by VVorth possess'd;
 Shou'd that still rise, and Vice be still deprest;
 VVhat e'er hereafter more were to be giv'n,
 VVe shou'd rest here, and seek no other Heav'n.
 But since this never was, nor will be so,
 Not Revelation scarce can plainer show,
 That Vertu's not to wear her Crown below.

This

This Contemplation shou'd your Griefs remove;
 Our very Suffering a Reward does prove,
 It must not be on Earth—and it must be Above.

Alexis. With this, *Menalcas*, firmly I agree
 But it not lighten's our Calamity.
Bertudor, tho' to endless Joy he's gone,
 Has left us cause for a whole Age to Moan.
 When great *Elijah* did on high ascend,
 And Heav'n's bright Chariot his Ascent attend,
 What Joy was it to his remaining Friend?
 He, in his Loss, deplor'd his Country's Fate,
 Their Civil Strife's, and cruel *Haz'ael's* Hate;
 Nor yet is ours a fix'd unurm'ring State.
 When will deliv'rance from Oppression come,
 If such as He are call'd so early Home?
 When will our Publick Fears, and Private Hate
 Be o'er, if thus we lose such Props of State?
 Who, when the Royal Cause is sunk so low,
 Will set so vast a Fortune at a Throw,
 And with such Skill, divert th' impending Blow?
 Who in the Gap, when Force wou'd Right devour,
 Will stand so firm against unbounded Pow'r?
 Stemming the Tide of violated Laws,
 Till he has made the Just, the Prosp'rous Cause?
 O *Britain!* Thou, whose Happiness He fought,
 Whose Happiness He wou'd with Life have bought,
 Thy Peace his constant Aim, and still intending Thought;
 Let thy sad Genius now put Sables on,
 And through the Land diffuse unles'ning Moan,
 That ev'ry Eye may VVeep, and ev'ry Breast may Groan!

And

And thou, O Learned Town! whose Sacred Name,
 Has been so long th' envy'd Theme of Fame;
 Thou too, should'st in the Mourning Concert share,
 Scarcely so much thy Guardian Angel's Care.
 Who e'er before made Thee appear so Great,
 Or in thy Civil, Learn'd, or Martial State?
 Or who hereafter (through more Trials prov'd)
 VVill leave Thee—so Bemoan'd, and so Belov'd?
 How did He Factious Fears and Doubts control!
 How still Contention! and how tune the Soul!
 How baffle Envy! and how silence Pride!
 In all Elections certain to Preside.
 Others to Heats and Strifes, and Feuds wou'd run,
 But where he came, he made all Voices *one*:
 With a bare Breath, they mov'd as he enclin'd,
 Like standing Corn, all bending with the Wind.
 At once to *ROYALTY* and *RIGHT* a Friend;
 Nor did He to thy *Burroughs* recommend
 A needy Race, for Policy to bait,
 Like Gudgeons, catch'd with Pensions by the *S^{ta}*-te.
 But while, bless'd City, I'd thy *HERO* show,
 I rove, and make Digressions from my Woe.
 Ah never! never cease to Sigh His Name!
 So true to Honour, and so dear to Fame!
 Let all thy Sons bewail th' Exalted Man;
 And thou, Immortal *Tw—ings*! lead the Van:
 Thou, who new force do'st to our Language give;
 He who so well can Praise, as well can Grieve.
 Ranfack the silent Seat where Mem'ry lies,
 To bring our Woes proportional Supplies:

Let

Let not the hoary Dews of *Lethe* steep
 So many Vertues in Eternal Sleep :
 But as they pass our Intellectual view,
 Let Sorrow grave 'em deep, and keep 'em new :
 Then when we have survey'd th' amazing Store,
 Make us reflect, their *OWNER* is no more !
 How all that's Prudent, Noble, Just, and Brave,
 Is cover'd with *Bertudor* in the Grave !
 O Thought ! that on the Rack does ev'ry Nerve constrain !
 Distraction were less Grief, and Dying gentler Pain !

Menalcas. My dear *Alexis*, if that Rain must fall,
 But speak the *Hero's* Worth, then weep it all.

Alexis. It was my full Design——but first, my Friend,
 (And Weeping, I'll the sad account attend)
 Tell by what Malady he hence was torn,
 With how confus'd a Grief the loss was born,
 All Raving !——'twas too little sure to Mourn ;
 He had to Human fight, no least Decay,
 Warm as a Summer's Sun's reviving Ray,
 Nor promis'd less than a long Summer's day ;
 Fresh as the Morning, when the pearly Dew
 Foretells the bright Meridian to ensue :
 But there He stopp'd ! there did the Gloom arise !
 Veil'd with surrounding Clouds from Human Eyes !
 Eclips'd, when most conspicuous in the Skies !
 Unwillingly the Rural Shades He left ;
 (Unhappy Shades ! of all your Joys bereft !)
 Never in *Senate* He deny'd His Aid ;
 This only only Time, He wou'd have staid ;
 But 'twas His Country call'd,—whose call He still Obey'd.

E

—But

—But I prevent Thee, dear *Menalcas* on,
And---if I can---I'll Stifle in my Moan.

Menalcas. To tell you true (who e'er it may displease)
He dy'd of the *Physician*——a Disease
That long has reign'd, and eager of Renown,
More than a Plague, Depopulate's the Town.
Inflam'd with Wine, and blasting at a Breath,
All it's *Prescriptions* are Receipts for Death.
Millions of Mischiefs by it's Rage is wrought,
Safe where 'tis fled, but barb'rous where 'tis fought:
A curs'd ingrateful Ill, that call'd to aid,
Is still most fatal where it best is paid.
So slight at first his Ail, it cou'd have done
No further harm, but must of course 'been gone,
Had not this first Malignance forc'd it on;
And cruelly (till then, all pure and good)
With it's own Venom, dash'd the Circling Flood. —
By this time, we the *Hero's* Danger found;
He near Expiring, and we Weeping round.
The Sighs of Widows, and the Orphans Cries,
Importunate for Aid, besieg'd the Skies. —
——And now the Fever seem'd in part t' aswage;
Death grin'd a horrid Smile, and half forgot his Rage.
As he grew better, so the Town reviv'd,
As Joy it self were from his Health deriv'd.
But whether 'twere to shew, tho ne'er so late,
How fervent Pray'r can turn the course of Fate;
Or whether 'twere a last expiring Glare,
The fatal Hope that ushers in Despair;
Or whether yet the line of the Disease,
Cou'd be no further lengthen'd out for Fees,

He

He soon relaps'd, relapsing, weaker grew,
 And the pale Tyrant came again in view.
 Here Grief was at its utmost stretch disclos'd!
 We all Confounded, He alone Compos'd.
 What Blessings did He to his Friends bequeath!
 What Joys describe, what dying Raptures breath!
 With what assurance did he meet his Fate!
 How fearless pass th' Inevitable Gate!
 His Soul had by Anticipation here,
 A taste of Heav'n, before it yet was there:
 O Truth! O Innocence! O peaceful Close!
 Hail him (ye Angels) to his long Repose.
 —But now an Universal burst of Woe,
 O'er all the Town, did like a Torrent flow.
 The very *Senate* Mourn'd his early Fate,
 Mourn'd this *ADJUSTER* of the Church and State;
 As quite despairing any more to see
RELIGION reconcil'd to *POLICY*.
 The *Clergy* next their *PATRIOTS* loss deplore,
 No more to hear his Voice! to have his Smiles no more!
 In dang'rous Times they freshly call'd to mind,
 How diff'rent Parties in their Aid he join'd;
 Then with a Grief too big to speak in Tears,
 In Silence sunk beneath their former Fears:
 For ne'er before in the most Impious Age,
 Were they pursu'd with such Invet'rate Rage,
 So Slighted by the Great, and Slander'd from the Stage.
 His Friends you next might see Distracted stand,
 Too weak the Streams of Anguish to command:
 Nor Compass, Card, or Pilot, left to guide
 Thy hopeless plunge into the raging Tide.

But

But theirs, and ev'ry Grief the Poor's out did,
 Tearing the very Earth up, to be hid,
 And Raving, *Self-Destruction was forbid!*
 A frightful Prospect they before 'em see,
 Of Wants, and un-reliev'd Adversity.
 Ev'n those that knew him but by *Common-Fame*,
 With Tears repeat their *Common Patriot's* Name.
 Nor less it ought our just Regard to have,
 To think what Numbers mourn'd him to the Grave:
 With mutual Praise, their mutual Sighs did Vie,
 And from so many Mouths, oppress the Sky.—
 There rest His Ashes: —but his Nobler Name,
 Expanding as it mounts the Starry Frame,
 Shall fill th' expiring Breath, and latest Gasp of Fame.

Damon. 'Tis done, the Task you bid *Menalcas* do;
 His Praise, a Nobler Task, we now expect from you.

Alexis. That Praise, alas! shou'd be by Angels sung,
 At least the first of the *Castalian* Throng:
 Not in my Numbers, broken, rough and lame,
 But Verse of the duration of his Fame,
 Such as, where-ever read, shou'd sway in Chief;
 Mine's but the Duty of a Servant's Grief:
 Tho' yet (so much my Soul His Name revere's)
 What in my *Stile* Un-elegant appears,
 I'll Sanctify with Truth, and Polish with my Tears.
 Witness, ye everlasting Lamps above,
 Ye Sacred Lights that round us Nightly move,
 Witness how oft, when the long day was done,
 And all Devotion silent, but his own,
 We've seen him on his Knees before th' Immortal Throne.

As

As if at neither Morning, Noon, and Even,
 There Hours enow to Piety were giv'n:
 Part of the Night in Prayer He always spent;
 The Time by most, to Wine and Lewdness len't:
 No Hypocrite e'er with more Ardor cou'd,
 Un-seen be Ill, than He'd un-seen be Good.
 What ever doing, or where e'er he were,
 His Privacies did no Detection fear;
 We ne'er cou'd find Him when unfit to see,
 Nor hear Him, but the Theme was Piety.
 No *Faith by Works* was ever oft'ner shown:
 If when no act of Charity is done,
 That day be lost—He never squander'd one.
 As soon the *Sun* might cross from Pole to Pole;
 As soon the Wandring Planets cease to roll,
 As he dismiss the Poor without their Dole.
 No Fears, by which our Scepticks are distress'd,
 E'er found the least admittance to his Breast:
 Where e'er he turn'd his View, Sea, Farth, and Skies,
 GOD, in his Works, was present to his Eyes.
 Unhappy they! that see this wrond'rous Frame,
 And, after, make a Doubt from whence it came!
 His Converse tho' twas cheerful, ne'er was Vain;
 His Soul wou'd start, to hear a word Prophane:
 That fatal Rock, where half our Nobles split,
 Lost for the poor Repute of having Wit:
 VVith such, the Vertuous are the only *Elves*,
 But Devils are thought Angels by themselves.
 VVhere once He Lov'd, He never cou'd Distrust,
 Kind to a Fau't, and to a Scruple Just:—
 But most, He most did fly the Snares of Lust.

Not all the Dares thrown by the Beautilous Kind,
 That Light'ning like, so quick a Passage find ;
 Not all their Wit, and never-ending Art,
 His once engag'd Affection, cou'd divert,
 Or melt the Chastity that Wall'd His Heart.
 Our Saviour's Precept, He to Practice brought,
 And never, never Lusted---not in Thought !
 And, to reward His Truth, He twice was join'd
 In Wedlock, to the best of Women-kind.
 The *First*, the brightest, purest Soul that e'er
 Was sent from Heav'n, to shew us Mortals here
 What Angels and Translated Saints are there !
 To see Her once, was ev'ry Charm to know,
 Of Peace above, or Purity below ;
 Imagination cou'd no further go !
 So sweet her Form, th' *Idea* warms us yet ! ---
 But Ah! that Light in all her Glory set,
 In all her Youth (and we all drown'd in Tears)
 E'er She had number'd three and thirty Years ;
 Yet thirteen times had call'd *Lucina's* Aid,
 And was as oft a happy Mother made.
 His next did a like Scene of Joy Prefage ;
 That giv'n to Charm his Youth, and this to Bless his Age:
 Her Mind so justly to Her Form contriv'd,
 The living Wife, but seem'd the Dead Reviv'd:
 No jot Impar'd, or less amazing Bright,
 For her succeeding such a Glorious Light.
 A strange Eclipse had certainly been thrown,
 On any Face, or Vertue but her own.
 Here were a Subject now our Voice to raise,
 To sing at once her Sorrows and her Praise !

A Year !

A Year! but one short Year in Wedlock run,
 E'er robb'd of all the Worth her Eyes had won!
 Her Eyes! a Charm that cou'd for Ages bind,
 Were Comfort certain, or had Fate been kind.
 Ah Beautilous VVidow,! cou'd I think, when late
 The Muse did on your happy Nuptials wait,
 That such a Scene of Pleasure, Love and Light,
 So soon wou'd close in Everlasting Night!
 That one short Year wou'd so destructive prove
 To strictest Vertue, and to noblest Love!
 Ah! what avail's our Hope, if Truth must here
 Be least, or latest Providence's Care?
 What comfort have we, towards the Goal to strive;
 If thus the Stream of Fate at Random drive?
 If all the Blessings of the Good and Fair,
 Must like a Bubble break, and end in Air!

Damon. You know there's none exempt from Human
 But, Friend, you lose His Vertues in your Tears. (Cares—

Alexis. Forgive me, *Damon*, I've too long digrest;
 But who cou'd hold, to see such Charms distrest?
 All Praise we owe, is to his Vertues due,
 But some regard, must wait on Beauty too:
 • Ev'n He himself wou'd Pardon such as start,
 To give our Duty, where he He gave his Heart—
 —But to our View, His Temp'rance next appears,
 His fast Companion from his early Years.
 In all th' Affluence of a Wealth so vast,
 He ne'er the Common Bounds of Nature past.
 Tho' on his Board, (where all the Season's smil'd)
 What Earth cou'd furnish, plentifully was pil'd;

Tho

Tho' there the Sea a constant Tribute paid,
 And richest VVines (declining Nature's aid)
 Flow'd round, as from a Spring that ne'er decay'd.
 'Twas but prepar'd proportion'd to His Store,
 To feast his Neighbours, and to feed the Poor.
 How oft wou'd He from all his State descend?
 Then only proud, when He cou'd serve a Friend.
 Upon His Word, you as on Fate, might rest;
 The rather, if it crost His Interest.
 To Truth ev'n his most trivial Thoughts did tend,
 As heavy Bodies sink, and Flames ascend.
 Ev'n Contraries His Meekness reconcil'd,
 As soon as Anger touch'd his Breast, 'twas Mild:
 His Frowns so stern, when he did Vice reprove,
 Through His Aversion, made you see his Love:
 From most, resentment does in Hate conclude,
 But his Concern was always for your Good.
 For ev'ry turn of Human Chance prepar'd,
 His Vertues ne'er were missing from his Guard:
 And by a wond'rous Mixture, you might find
 In him the *Hero* and the *Christian* join'd;
 The Loftiest Courage, and the Lowliest Mind!
 VVhat shall we say? ---unless by Angels Penn'd,
 His Praises, like our Grief, can have no end.
 Nature her self, does of this *WORTHY* boast,
 Aloud she cries—*Here was no Labour lost,*
While to their various Molds I'd others fit,
Ten thousand fail me, for one lucky hit.
Hereafter, when the Nobler Souls I Frame,
Such as shall early get a Deathless Name,
And late pursue the shining Chase of Fame,

They

*They, by this PATTERN, shall be all Design'd,
And, Copying Him, Exalt the long Degraded Kind.*

Mena. Were not your Sight subservient to your Moan,
You wou'd perceive it is already done:
What Copy can you hope to see so fair,
As that he drew in His *Illustrious HEIR*?
Who is more likely Fame's now sinking blast
To lift again as high, and make it last?
A Noble Character, I grant, you've drawn;
But since 'tis Darkness there, look on the Rising Dawn:
What Promises *Bertudor's* Worth cou'd give,
Like a New *Eden*, all in Him revive.
Then in our Hope, His *CONSORT* with Him shares,
Born for His Ease, and soft'ning all His Cares;
She does the Noblest Modern Instance prove,
Of Peace in Wedlock, and of Truth in Love.
This Happy Pair thy Sorrows shou'd divert;
And never was a Nobler VVork for Art.

Damon. Begin, *Alexis*, let thy tuneful Song,
Paint Him all Lovely, Affable, and Young:
Then let it shew the vast advance His Youth
Has made in Honour, Eloquence, and Truth;
How none to Pleasure, e'er was less a Slave,
More thoroughly Noble, nor more early Brave.
VVith Him, his Gen'rous Brothers VVorth proclaim,
VVho what they owe Their Birth, will pay in Fame:
In Peace, they shall the Arts of Peace adorn,
Or War, if they for bloody War are born.
His Sisters, then shou'd be Triumphant shown,
Their Sables off, and all their Brightness on;

G

Warming

Warming where e'er their happy Influence flies,
Love in their Mien, and Conquest in their Eyes!

Menalcas. As justly shou'd the Fair *Carnarvon's* Name
Be handed with Her Niece's down to Fame :
She, who by Vertue, does assert Her Blood,
And values less Her Birth, than being Good :
That Sister, who so much His loss deplor'd,
And seem'd at last, as hard to be restor'd :
That Sister, who to save Him, wou'd have Dy'd,
Who all His Sickness, on Her Knees wou'd 'bide—
Ah! cou'd so bright a Suppli'ant be deny'd !
Let not her Num'rous Alms be hid in Night,
Tho Private done, and flying Human Sight :
Nor shou'd her Chastity thy Pen decline,
Th' Hereditary Vertue of the Line ; --- (vine!
Begin--and be thy Song as Famous, as thy Theme's Di-

Alexis. Ah Friends! —I grant my Duty owing there--
But first (ye Pow'rs) I'll first perform it here ;
First with a bleeding Heart, and weeping Verse,
Pay my last Homage to *Bertudor's* Hearse.
That Office o'er, we to their Names will turn,
There truly Praise, as here we truly Mourn.—
---But no such Theme shall now the Muse employ,
No thought of Comfort ! nor no dream of Joy !
Faithful to Grief, and wedded to my Moan,
All my Relief shall be—to hope for none ! —
---Ha! *Damon* ! where? whence came these dismal Cries?
Shrick'd out as they were Nature's Obsequies !
As if the Gen'ral Doom just now were bid,
And cleaving Earth were yielding up its Dead !

Menalcas.

Mena. To the same Cause of Grief the Country yields;
 I spread the News through the *Wiltonian* Fields;
 No longer now bemoan'd by Swain to Swain,
 It gather's Head, and sweeps along the Plain:
 Like an Impetuous Flood, it all o'er-bears——
 The fadder Deluge, as 'tis made of Tears.

Alexis. Lead on *Menalcas*.——This will be a Scene
 Fit to Indulge the Sorrows I am in !

Hark ! louder ! How the sad affrighting Sound
 Does from the Hills, back on the Plain rebound,
 And tells us---*Death can now no deeper Wound.*
 The Flocks and Herds run bleating o'er the Plains,
 And Sympathize with the Despairing Swains.
 Some dismal Tydings, Heav'n's uncommon Rage,
 In Groans of Thunder did last Night Prefage:
 The faithful *Dogs* in horrid Conforts Houl'd
 And the fierce *Woolves*, Un-guarded found the Fold,
 And Croaking Ravens Death and Woe foretold !
 With Light'ning sing'd, the blasted Heath is bare,
 And Horror is the sole Possessor there.——

But let us haste and join 'em, now their Grief
 Is at the full, and hopeless of Relief:

Bertudor is their Theme——*Bertudor* we
 Will cry, and Eccho back their Misery.

Bertudor ! O Bertudor ! ——O no more !
 For ever now no more ! ——

Away ! and let me join the Weeping Throng,
 To hear him Mourn'd, to hear his Praises Sung,
 And die with the Dear *N A M E* upon my Tongue !

F I N I S.